

Merry Christmas



The Student's Pen

1923

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Merry Christmas



The Student's Pen

1923

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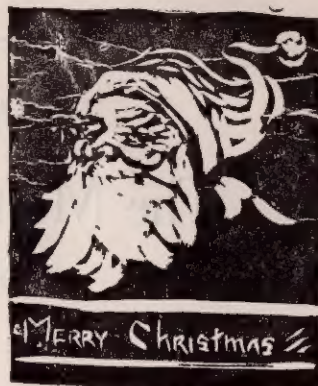


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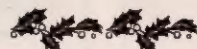
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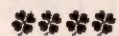
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The STUDENT'S PEN

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EDITORIALS

Christmas Etiquette

Now let me tell you something confidential—this item is horrifyingly important! As a great many don't know what to do when they are invited out for Christmas Dinner, I will tell you a few things you must not forget: When you first receive the invitation, jump up and down and shout enough to sink the cellar. Then rush off an acceptance saying you will come as soon as you can.

On the day of the grand occasion wear something comfortable. If you don't feel at home in anything but overalls, wear them by all means. As soon as you arrive at your friends' house, ring the bell as vehemently and loudly as possible but don't wait for it to be answered unless the door is locked. Rush in and throw your hat and coat on the most convenient piece of furniture and demand how soon dinner will be ready. If it isn't served soon enough, keep reminding them that you are hungry. When at last there is a load of good stuff on the table, eat all you can and more (you may not get another chance). Fill your pockets with fruit, nuts, etc., if you have pockets. Don't try this last remedy for hunger with squash pie or cranberries—they're too soft. If you are favored with a drumstick, grab it with both hands while you eat the meat or it will escape and seek the most out-of-the-way corner of the room.

A good time to take a little after-dinner snooze is when the older folks are gossiping about family good luck and misfortunes. After this perhaps your friends' Christmas gifts will afford very entertaining amusement for the rest of the afternoon. Try it. If they don't, you may be allowed to go home providing you tell them enough times that you'd like to. If you remember these few points, I am sure your behavior will be faultless and your happiness complete.

By One Who Knows

A Plea for Ink Wells for Christmas

I might start this plea with words put to the tune of "Mickey" as, "Inkwells, dear old ink wells, we have very few of you," but some might not remember the tune, so I shall start by saying that the pupils would like a Christmas gift of an inkwell for every desk in every room. Remember the spirit of Christmas, (you, who would give them to us) that you give for what good you may receive. Therefore, if you give us inkwells for Christmas, from then on we can give our teachers neater and better work. Furthermore, becoming used to better work, we shall make better citizens, in that we shall be more careful in what we do.

Thelma E. Nelson '24

To the Class of 1933

To you who attend the Pittsfield High School in 1933 this essay is addressed, to you who grumble because you are obliged to study and to you who hate the very sight of the beautiful building toward which you reluctantly turn your steps every morning, and from which you joyfully hasten at the closing hour. You do not realize, now, how lucky you are, but if you will try to picture the building in which we had to study and pass away many hours of the day, you may experience a feeling of relief and you may not dislike your high school quite so much.

Every morning we approached an old smoke begrimed, yellow brick building, smoky because situated near it, on one side, is a railroad track. On the other side, is a group of houses, gray with age and lack of paint, while stretching out quite a distance to First Street is a barren piece of land, muddy in the spring and autumn, hot in summer, and icy in the winter, always unpleasant to look at, called the Common.

We went in to our "home rooms". This morning we might have been able to have heard a very great speaker if the auditorium had been large enough, but scarcely could 590 pupils be cramped into that small hall for any length of time.

We passed to our classes in dark halls, darkened because the crowded condition necessitated the building of rooms at each end of the corridor. If we were unlucky enough to have a recitation on the third floor we went into a room and we were stifled with the heat in the spring and shivered with the cold in the winter. Some classes have been obliged to go either to the basement or out on the common during the month of June. If there should have been a fire in the building, those on this floor would have been trapped because the stairs were made of wood and there was no fire escape.

Oh you who have this lovely new building are indeed blessed, you have a large auditorium wherein you may hold your dances and entertainments. We had to resort to the Masonic Temple or the Tally-Ho Inn.

You can be proud to send to your friends, pictures of your high school. We, if it were not for the wonderful school spirit which, strange to say, existed within us, might feel a little ashamed to do so.

You have a spacious gymnasium where you may train your body and make it as strong as your brain. Here you can swim and play basketball. We were trained as well as could be expected in our little auditorium. The boys had to resort to the Y. M. C. A. The girls had no place. Our team either played basketball in the Y. M. C. A. or at the Boys Club and the girls went to the Girls League.

To you is given semi-indirect lighting while we on a rainy and cloudy day, held our books close to our eyes in order to see the lesson.

You have a beautiful library in which are stored many lovely and helpful books and magazines. We had shelves very inadequately supplied with books that every few days were lost. It was impossible for us to keep certain volumes for any length of time.

An inviting restaurant welcomes you at recess where you are quickly served,

while some of us had to join the bread line and wait five or ten minutes before we could obtain any food.

It is impossible to enumerate the advantages you have that we missed. So you of 1933 look again upon your high school with renewed interest, seeing in it the realization of the dreams of the Pittsfield High School Students of 1923.

Pauline Wagner '24

Spirit and You

School spirit, like charity, begins at home.

No matter how much pep and enthusiasm your school has, no matter how good its teams are, no matter how fine and beautiful a place it is, if you are not fired with some of this enthusiasm, this pep, this real living, the school might be so much firewood for all the benefit you receive from it.

The idea of the whole thing is that the school is what YOU make it. Right at this time of the year, when the basketball season is about to begin, you have an opportunity to do this; to help make the school and to help make it right. Follow the basketball team, the football or baseball teams; write for the Pen; raise your scholarship standing, and help in every possible way.

Liven up the school. Don't be a dead one. Don't think about lost opportunities. It is never too late. A great deal of pep—that's what we need. Remember, you're helping to make the school. Do it right!

Laura Van Benschoten '24

Courage

The word "courage" brings to most minds a picture of an outstanding deed of valor, such as the indomitable courage of the soldiers at "the front", or facing death unflinchingly for some good cause. Indeed, this is but our phase of courage. There is a broader aspect—that which is not readily recognized, as it cannot easily be identified in outward emotions. It is that determination to "fight on to victory", to overcome the disappointments and difficulties of life, alone and unarmed. Each one of us has had some great trial which demanded the utmost courage to endure bravely, some great suffering that has been borne alone. These have mostly been forgotten for, it has been said, "courage is modest". This last phase of the word may be applied to the school life of almost every boy and girl. School lessons are not easy. They do not consist of facts that can be learned in everyday life. Naturally one meets difficult problems and some so hard to solve that it seems almost impossible to master them. But the student who strives onward toward his goal, undaunted by the obstacles in the highway of learning, displays one of the finest examples of courage.

Vera Richmond '26



The First Christmas

Shortly after Augustus Caesar became the emperor of Rome, he sent out a decree that taxes would be imposed on the people of his empire. Now before these taxes could be collected it was necessary to take a census. Therefore, all went to their cities to be counted in this census—that is, they went to the city in which their family records were kept.

From their northern home at Nazareth, in the mountains of Zabulon, Joseph and Mary, his wife, went to Bethlehem, in Judea, to be enrolled in this enumeration. Although poor and unknown, both were of the royal house and lineage of King David, and were traversing a journey of eighty miles to the village which had been the home of their great ancestor while he was still a shepherd lad tending his flocks upon the lonely hills. It was late in the afternoon when they arrived at the little town of Bethlehem which was now crowded with people who had come there to be taxed. Tired and weary from their journey, Mary and Joseph went to the Inn where they expected to secure comfortable accommodations. But alas! there was no room for them there for the Inn was already crowded with people. Very much disappointed they turned away and sought room at the homes of the people but in vain. At last, unable to find any other shelter they spent the night in a manger or "khan". These "khans" were rude structures built of stone or wood, and consisted for the most part of a square enclosure in which the cattle and other beasts were tied up for the night, and an arched recess for the accommodation of travellers. They were, of course, public and utterly lacking in privacy. If the part of the "khan" set aside for guests was occupied, then the traveller would have no choice but to be content with such scant accommodation as he could find in the courtyard among the animals. Thus Mary and Joseph arriving late in the day had to occupy some corner of the courtyard. Here in this manger, a most humble place, among the cattle and other beasts of burden, the Christ-child was born.

Under the quiet starlight on the night of the birth of Christ, some shepherds were guarding their flocks from the wolf and the robber, on a hillside near Bethlehem. It was a beautiful winter night. The moon cast down her silver radiance upon the earth, and the stars blazed forth in the heavens, seeming to tremble with ecstasy. Everything was peaceful and calm and still, as if awaiting some marvelous event. Then, suddenly, an angel appeared whose flaming presence, at once so awful and magnificent, struck the simple shepherds with fear. But the shining messenger calmed their alarm saying, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring unto you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And

this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger." To the splendor of the holy messenger there suddenly flamed up a greater light, throwing its radiance higher and higher in the sky until there was revealed to the startled shepherds the heavenly host whose brilliance flooded the fields. The holy choir touching its harps of gold, poured forth a song of triumphant joy.

After the angels had gone away into the heavens, the shepherds made their way up the terraced hills and through the moonlit gardens of Bethlehem until they reached the "khan" where the holy family was. Here they found the babe lying in the manger. After paying their devotions to the new-born king, the shepherds returned to their flocks "glorifying and praising God for all things that they had heard and seen".

But the shepherds were not the only ones who came, that night, to pay homage to the holy child. In the far East lived a people who had a book which bore the name Seth, and in this was written the appearance of the star of the Messiah, and the offering of gifts to Him. This book was handed down from father to son, generation after generation. Twelve men were chosen who should watch for the star, and when one died another was chosen in his place. These men were called Magi or Wise-Men. They went year after year, when the wheat had been harvested, to the top of a mountain which was called the Mountain of Victory. At last the star appeared in the sky, and in it the form of a little child, and over Him the sign of the cross; and the star itself spoke to them, and told them to go to Judea. And the star went before them leading the way to the manger in the little town of Bethlehem where the Christ-child lay.

Reaching at last the room to which they had been so miraculously directed, the Wise-Men saw the Holy Mother with the infant Messiah in her arms. With worshipful hearts they fell down before the babe in adoration, and gave him of their treasures of gold, frankincense and myrrh, the first gifts of the Gentile World to the infant, Christ.

"Babe of promise, born at last,
After weary ages past,
When our hopes were overcast,
We adore thee as our king,
And to thee our song we sing,
Our best offering to thee bring."

Dorothy A. Rhoades

Santa Claus Gives A Party

'Tis many a year since I enjoyed my annual trip on Christmas Eve as I did in the year 1923. Although I'm getting pretty old now, I'm as jolly as ever and always like a good time. Well, I had one of the best on this particular Christmas Eve as my companions were the Senior A Class of Pittsfield High School. Believe me, this is one of the jolliest, liveliest group of young people I've run across in my many years' experience.

Well to go on with the story, a few days before Christmas, I found among the great stacks of letters which I always receive at this time of year, one that received my immediate attention as it was so different from anything else I have ever received. It was from Rose Frumkin, a girl who is very fond of giving parties. She asked me if I wouldn't give her class a party as my gift to her. Now this request was so unselfish that I went and looked up the records of every member of the class. I found they were all very good except one—Clarence Graves. He was nearly at the bottom of the list but it didn't seem right to let the others suffer for his wrongs so I decided to bring them all up here to my home and give them a party they would always remember.

Christmas Eve came and both Heaven and Earth seemed to be at their best for the great occasion. I took my biggest sleigh, which is very big indeed, and one hundred reindeer. With the aid of all my assistants, I was through delivering by midnight. Then I sent the sleigh flying toward the home of James McSweeney, the class president. I thought it would be appropriate that he be the first. Well Sir, you'd have laughed to see him jump out of bed when I came down the chimney. You see, I purposely made a lot of noise to wake him up. I gave him one minute to dress. He did it too except that he forgot his collar, although he did have his necktie. I boosted him up the chimney and in a second we were off. "Who'll we get next, Jimmie?" I asked.

"Well, the other class officers are Elizabeth White, James Conroy, and Helen Beattie," he said. Within five minutes we had 'em all.

"Now," I said, "it's up to you, little Sister, to plan the program for our party. My house is real old-fashioned and so I haven't any musical instruments. You won't be able to dance but you can make your own entertainment. I've heard that you're good at planning such things."

"Gladly," that petite miss replied, "but you must get some of those who can perform, first, so I can be coaching them."

I had heard of the wonderful duet of Dwight Root and Pauline Wagner on their ukuleles so I said I'd get them first. "Thanks loads," her royal Whiteness said.

Pauline was dreaming when I woke her up. She sat bolt upright and looking at me bewildered exclaimed, "Why these can't be his rooms!"

It didn't take her long to recover and then I pulled her and her 'uke' up the chimney.

Dwight was quite indignant at losing his sleep and stopping on the roof to stamp his foot in token of his boiling wrath, he slipped and landed headfirst in a snowbank which cooled him off considerably.

Then, one after another they followed, a laughing, joyous throng. Doris Acheson was so excited she wore her coat of many colours, a green skirt, purple stockings and a pink hat. Loretta Hebert, Helen King and Rose Cunningham I found spending the night together. Just as we were about to start off, Rose went back for something and was late as usual. Al Williams offered the use of his Ford which shows that his heart is in the right place—but he lacks common sense.

School Banking

THE CITY SAVINGS BANK with the approval of the School Authorities is endeavoring to give to the Students of the Pittsfield High School a practical banking training.

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All this had not taken more than about an hour and in fifteen minutes we were at my home on the North Pole. (You all know the speed of my reindeer by reputation.)

Frank Olsted and Marcel Le Clair are industrious boys. They soon had a fire blazing on the hearth and Lillian Carlisle took charge of refreshments so that we soon had rich, hot cocoa. Then our entertainment began, nearly every one doing his part.

Among the most interesting features were an illustration of intricate hair dressing by Dorothy Cain and Frances Farrel, a brilliant reading from Virgil by Caroline Musgrove, a graceful and artistic dance by Trudel Pierce and a very touching talk on "The Outrageous Dressing of Modern High School Girls" by Rose Simkin.

Among the musical selections were a quartet composed of Joe Garrity, Joe Bluin, Aton Hutchinson and Bob Volk which sang Little Bo Peep. They received such applause that they were forced to return and sing "Cheer on old Pittsfield". This brought tears to every eye which shows how much they love their school.

Mary Beebe sang "Good Bye Forever" much to the delight of everyone. Virginia May and Edgar Roth started to play a duet on the saxophone and violin but were rudely interrupted by Charles Van Buskirk who appeared suddenly in a clown uniform and sent everybody in hysterics by his outlandish antics.

Mr. Bennett attempted to recite "Young Lochinvar" but for some reason or other no one could keep his face straight.

But when Bob Acly and Barbara Somes gave the balcony scenes from Romeo and Juliet, the silence was so great that you could hear Louise Carrier's tears dropping.

Suddenly "Gabbie" Lebinson upset the act by shouting to everybody to follow him. We all rushed out the door after him and around back of the house we came upon Frank Bastow and Heck Learned eating walrus pie which two pretty eskimo girls were serving them while murmuring "oogie-oogie wa-wa".

Turning hastily, we returned to the house. On the way I heard Roland Ende and Charles Cushing quarreling over the reality of the wave in Gladys Conway's hair. In fact, everybody seemed to be getting tired and irritable. Even Kyle Forrest had an argument with Bill Silvernail over the location of Podunc which I had to settle for them. Besides I was becoming irritated at the repeated attempts of Elizabeth McCoombs and Ruth Simmons to vamp "Cliff" Rice and Herbert O'Laughlin. I was just about to reprimand them when the telephone rang and Mrs. Root asked the return of Dwight who was loosing valuable sleep.

So I hurried them all, half awake, into the sleigh and landed them in their safe warm beds just as the dawn of Christmas morning was lighting up the world.

Santa Claus '24

Martha's Christmas Eve

On Christmas Eve, the custom of each Camp Fire Girl is to place a candle in the window of her home, which signifies that there is someone in that household who is doing her best to make someone else happy. It is also customary for the girls to go around the city, singing carols at different hospitals, as well as at the homes of people who may be interested in this organization, thus bringing cheer to many.

A certain group of Camp Fire Girls was assembled in their Camp Fire Room, eagerly talking over plans for Christmas.

"Oh, dear," sighed Mildred, "how I wish I could learn those carols, so that I might go around with you, but I have so much to do right now, that I fear I could not do it. And then, too, I am just a visitor now, and will not be a Camp Fire Girl until the next Ceremonial."

"We'll teach you the carols," chimed in Mary, "and I am sure you can find time to have us do that. Besides, Miss King will not object to your going around with us. Even if you do not belong now, you are soon going to join."

Thus it was settled that Mildred would accompany the girls when they went caroling on Christmas Eve.

The day before Christmas soon arrived. The city was buried in a coverlet of pure white snow. Everywhere sleighbells jingled, and the refreshing smell of evergreens and pines filled the air. The store windows were brightly lighted, and, as was only natural, many eager children stood gazing in them, at the many beautiful toys which were displayed. On the street were many newsboys trying in vain to sell their papers. Their hands were blue with cold, and their eyes seemed to plead with the people who passed by, as if asking them to buy a paper.

In a bare little room in one of the poorest sections of the city, a young girl was forced to spend day after day in bed, often staring wonderingly out of the window at the rather dingy row of houses opposite. She was suffering from paralysis which had enveloped her frail body perhaps four or five years ago, and she therefore was not able to walk. She and her mother lived alone, their only means of support being the small amount which her mother received from cleaning and scrubbing floors at one of the offices in the downtown district. Living was cruelly high and there was no thought, in this small family, of Christmas, and perhaps less thought of spending any money for it. Martha dreaded its coming, for she could faintly remember days away back when Christmas had been very different for her and her poor little mother, than it was going to be now. Besides, Martha was lonely, very lonely. She and her mother had come here just six months before, and not a soul had been to visit them during that time. They had come for the purpose of restoring Martha's health, but because she felt so lonely, it was doing her no good, and she was not improving at all. Because of this, Martha's mother sorrowed much, but it was far beyond her power to know what to do to mend this trouble. Martha had read many a time in books about the splendid times girls had together, and away down in her heart, she longed to be able to join in such frolics, and this longing continued until it just seemed that she could bear it no longer.

One night her mother had brought home from the office a newspaper, and in this Martha read of the Camp Fire Girls who were going through the streets on Christmas Eve singing carols before houses where candles shone in the windows.

"How I wish I could hear those carols sung," she sighed enviously. "How wonderful it must be to be able to put a candle in the window and cause the singers to stop outside! And I must always stay in the darkness, and miss all the fun. Oh, mother, it isn't fair, not one bit!"

The sad-eyed little mother tried very hard to find some way in which she could amuse her lonely daughter on this Christmas Eve. At last she said, "Let us pretend we are putting a lighted candle in our window and are listening to the songs of the carolers."

"What good will it do to play it?" asked Martha. "We haven't a candle even."

"Well, let's play it anyway," cheerfully coaxed her mother. "What color would you like the candle to be?"

"A red one, with gold designs on it," answered Martha, doing her best to play the game and thus please her mother.

So they pretended that they set a shining candle-stick holding a red and gold candle, on the window sill, and sat waiting patiently for something to happen.

It was then that a wonderful thing did happen. There was a sound of footsteps in the creaking snow outside, footsteps that seemed to stop beneath the window. The air was at once filled with a joyous ringing melody:

Silent Night, Holy Night,
All is calm, All is bright,
Round Yon Virgin, Mother and Child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in Heavenly Peace,
Sleep in Heavenly Peace.

Martha and her mother looked at each other with faces that had suddenly grown pale, and they listened with ears that failed to believe what they heard. Surely these could not be the voices of a band of fairies! Silently the mother crept to the window and looked out, and to her surprise she saw a group of happy girls. She did not tell Martha of this, but instead went to the door, and after the last note of the song had died away, she opened the door and went out upon the steps. "Thank you very much for the singing," she said. "Won't you come in so that my daughter may see you? She is very sick and lonesome, and I am sure it would do her good to see you. Please, won't you?"

The girls started in surprise and looked at each other somewhat doubtfully. However, they readily agreed to go in for a moment, and it was with wondering eyes that they entered.

Martha's mother now lit a pale little gas flame, and by its light the girls saw the shabby room, and also the sick girl lying on the bed. Martha was so amazed at seeing them that before she knew it, she had told them of the Christmas game which she and her mother had been playing. As the girls listened they could hardly keep the tears from falling, and they were forced to turn their faces from

the light. Above everything else they seemed to see the words of the Fire Law:

"Whose house is dark, and bare, and cold—"

They immediately went out and in a few moments returned with numerous bundles. As if by magic, the room was transformed. Martha's bed was trimmed with garlands and wreathes, and from the gas jet was suspended sprigs of holly. Little red bells swung from the doorways, and bright red candles burned on the table.

Thus, the house which before had been one of great loneliness, was now one of joyous spirits. One girl made a pan of delicious fudge, another made cocoa, and the rest spread chicken on sandwiches, and dished out ice cream. Then Martha enjoyed a feast such as she had never before partaken. The girls sang as they never before had sung, and gave an entertainment that delighted Martha very much.

It was late that night when the girls left, promising to come again the next day. Martha's cheeks which before had been very pale, were now glowing red with excitement, and her eyes, which before had been very sad, were now shining as stars shine. Thus it was that this candle which had never been lit, had guided the feet of these Camp Fire Girls to this home, and they were very happy to think that they had brought such a degree of happiness to Martha and her mother.

Marquerite Burr '24 Coml.

A Christmas Burglar

I'm so glad that Jack Farthington caught Peg Warner when she slipped on the icy pavement. For if he hadn't all sorts of awful things might have happened. She might have sprained her ankle, she might have broken her neck or, worst of all, she might have ruined her new dress! Peg had just arrived from Florida to spend the Christmas holidays with her school friend, Sally. Sally was to entertain several of her friends during this vacation and because there was so much to be done at home she had sent the car down for Peg.

How could Peg, just up from Florida be expected to walk indifferently on the icy pavements of a New England town? Indeed, it was next to impossible! And it wasn't Peg's fault either that Jack Farthington had caught her. Of course it was lucky he just happened along, for some old man might have caught her and that would have spoiled it all.

As Peg sweetly murmured "Thank you", Jack looked bewilderingly at her, stammering, "Certainly er-er I mean you're welcome!"

Then he stared at her back as she gingerly stepped along the ice toward a waiting automobile.

"Now who in the world is she? I wonder if she was real or only a dream?" Jack muttered as he picked up his suitcase and stepped into a taxi.

All the way home he pondered over this, and seeing a black hair on his sleeve he believed it had not been a dream, until he suddenly remembered that She had golden hair. (It was really only a pretty, light, brown though.)

When he arrived at his home he was received fondly by his family and then his sister confided tearfully to him that she was having guests over the holidays and that the butler had just left, giving as an excuse that he must be home for Christmas. "Could Jack help her out of this fix?"

Now as this tale was never intended to be a mystery story, I shall willingly tell you, as you have probably guessed, that Jack was Sally's brother home from college for the vacation. As Jack had always been a clever fellow (his family thought so—and even he admitted it) he was appealed to every time the family was in a fix, and, as usual, he had a solution.

"Sure, Sally. I'll help you. I'll be the butler!"

"Oh thanks! Just for that I'll let you take the prettiest and nicest girl to the dance tomorrow night."

Jack, to his sister's surprise did not show any extreme enthusiasm over this arrangement. But how could Sally know that Jack Farthington had caught Peg Warner on a slippery pavement.

While Jack went to his room to prepare for his role of butler, Peg arrived and was affectionately conducted to her room. Therefore they did not see each other until Jack, balancing a tray of soup on one hand walked into the room. Of course Jack didn't spill the soup all over the floor. He wouldn't have been called clever if he had acted in such a way. He coolly slid each plate of soup into place and walked slowly and with dignity from the room. It doesn't matter that when he reached the kitchen he grabbed the cook around the waist and waltzed her around the room two or three times.

As for Peg—she seemed suddenly to lose interest in the men on each side of her, and her partner gave up in despair when to his question "I beg your pardon but do you like New England as well as the South?" she answered, "Certainly, er-er I mean your welcome!"

Dinner having been served, the young people merrily went to the theater.

Poor Jack couldn't go. As the new butler would not arrive until the next day it was necessary that he keep up this masquerade until that time. So he sat home mumbling epithets that I don't know how to spell and hence cannot give you.

About twelve o'clock they returned and almost immediately went to their rooms.

While Jack was sitting on his bed thinking of "peaches" or rather "a peach" he suddenly remembered that he had promised his roommate to take back to him a certain scarf pin that he had borrowed and which he had put in the safe. So he crept downstairs and over toward the safe. On the way, however, he came in contact with a chair, in fact so suddenly that he fell right over it, landing in a heap on the other side.

Peg, who was sitting on her bed upstairs thinking of icy pavements or rather an icy pavement, jumped in fright when this clatter reached her ears. She listened but only she had seemed to hear it for no door opened or footsteps heard. She was sure that someone was downstairs and she was just as sure that that someone was a burglar. So she crept softly out of bed, taking a pair of scissors

with her. (She had heard of people holding up burglars with scissors when they didn't have guns). Without a sound she moved down the stairs and into the living room. There! She knew she was right. He was right over in the corner fumbling at the safe saying something to himself. She couldn't quite make out what it was but it sounded like "jam!". She suddenly felt cool. Raising her weapon she said calmly, "Hold up your hands or I shall shoot you with these scissors!"

"Oh, don't do that," a voice pleaded, and it sounded as though it choked. Probably with fear she thought.

"Well what are you doing here?"

Oh, Peg could be so stern! She always thought she would be a good school teacher. At any rate she must teach this man a lesson.

"Sit down!" she ordered mercilessly. "I have no pity on a man who steals on Christmas Eve."

"I was only playing Santa Claus," she thought she heard him mumble.

She started across the room to put on the light when suddenly she stumbled over the self same chair, (they say that history repeats itself) and fell on the keyboard of the piano. Crash! Crash! An Indian war-whoop could sound no more terrifying to Peg than that terrible noise.

At the same time the light flashed on and Peg, looking up, saw the butler or the knight of the pavement whichever you choose, leaning over her.

"Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously.

"No! Oh, everyone is awake. They are coming down stairs! Hurry! go out this side door."

"But don't—"

"Please hurry. I'll tell them something."

When all the guests peeped fearfully into the room, Mr. Farthington leading with a huge gun, they saw to their surprise, only Peg, who was sitting at the piano playing "America" with one finger.

"Why Peg! What is the matter?" Sally inquired.

"Oh n-nothing. I just felt suddenly as though I couldn't exist without hearing some music. I'm sorry to have wakened you all."

The next day, the new butler having arrived, Jack was duly presented to his sister's friends.

Peg kept her face perfectly calm. (She often thought she would make a fine actress).

And that night Jack took the prettiest and nicest girl to the dance—Peg Warner.

Pauline Wagner '24

Compliments of
PITTSFIELD DOCTORS

F. Roberts
W. A. Millet
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A. C. England
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T. Littlewood

"Never Give Up!" A Tale of the North

The day before Christmas in the Athabasca country dawned clear and bright. Coming across the vast fields of white was a dog team, driven slowly but relentlessly by a man muffled to the ears. At the top of a hill he stopped, gazed all about him, searching that vast whiteness for a tiny speck. Nothing,—nothing but the interminable white spaces was visible. Wearily he again took up the trail and at noon he stopped thirty miles to the north to build a fire and cook a little food.

Sitting there, he remembered that day at Ft. Vermilion where he had received his commission. A man had killed his wife at a small camp not far away and the hand of the law was out to reach him. Thus far they had met failure. Then, oh, what pride filled him at the thought, they had chosen him, Bucky MacRae, the newest member of the force, to represent the Royal Mounted in the chase after the murderer.

He *must* succeed. Weren't those famous words of the R. M. P. "Never Give Up"? Hadn't his sergeant said, "Get your man. Get him, dead or alive"? At the thought of killing he shuddered, not from cowardice but from natural kindness of the heart.

Well, here he was, nearly a year on the trail and no success yet. How near to it he had been! So many times he had almost won out but the trick and cunning of the murderer had thus far outwitted him. At this thought his jaw set grimly, a stronger light shone in his eyes. Give up? Never!

Hastily he gathered his belongings and set out once more. It was beginning to grow darker and the sky overhead showed signs of a storm. He must make Port Simpson before it came. But was it possible? Fifty miles of trail most of it to be "mushed". Could he do it? Tired and half-fed as he was, had he the strength? He must,—or die.

With a cry he urged the dogs forward. They too, poor creatures, were almost ready to give up. A flake of snow on his nose! Not so soon? Why he had not expected this for three hours yet. He looked about him for some shelter. Nothing, not even a rock, afforded the least haven from the oncoming storm. Grimly he set the pace for the dogs, the pace that would last longest.

Another hour passed, an hour in which the flakes fell faster while the wind howled dismally as it swept the snow before it. Bucky's eyes searched ahead. God! for a shelter from the terrible storm which would soon come in all its fury. Where was that God he had prayed to in his childhood, the God he had heard so much about?

Another hour and the flakes were so thick he could hardly see. He knew the dogs could not last much longer. They were struggling now, against the wind. Probably, though, if the storm held up a while, he might make the trapper's cabin he knew of about ten miles to the north.

But what was this? Prince, the leader, limping? Oh! no, not that! His hopes slowly sank. Prince must be taken out, Prince the dog he loved so much, his faithful companion for so many years! But it must be done. He stopped to

unhitch the dog. Then, in all his despair a light of hope dawned, a light shining from a hut not far away. Could it be? He rubbed his eyes. Yes, it was.

"Prince, old boy, there's hope yet!" he cried. A shout and the team started, Prince limping painfully. The hut was reached at last.

After driving the dogs under the shed, he looked through the window to see who was within. With a start of surprise he recognized Mortier, the murderer, his man! There he knelt, building a fire. Evidently he had just arrived, too.

Bucky cautiously crept around the wall, revolver in hand. His heart thumped with joy and his head throbbed with pain, as he burst open the door. "I've got you at last," came in a voice, cold, steady, and hard.

Gleaming eyes, sneering mouth in the face of the man turned towards him. Then Mortier said despairingly, "You win."

An odd feeling crept through Bucky, a feeling of premonition. Was this the man they had told him would fight to the finish? But then, probably Mortier realized the uselessness of a fight.

Bucky sat down facing Mortier. For an hour they sat, talking on indifferent topics as though the life of one was not at stake. But while they talked the eyes of each watched the other for foul play. At length Mortier rose and went to the window. "Guess the storm's lettin' up."

Bucky, too, rose and looked out. It was true. The storm had not fulfilled its promise. "We might as well be getting on," said he.

The thought of a night with this treacherous rat did not appeal to him for already he was beginning to feel drowsy and he knew that only action could keep him awake. So they killed the fire, blew out the candle, and started, each with his own team. Prince's foot had been fixed up and he was running quite well. Bucky's heart was beginning to feel lighter. By morning they would reach Port Simpson. At the thought of the warmth, and the gaiety and celebration for Christmas, he smiled happily. His duty was finished and he deserved a little pleasure.

A hoarse cry penetrated his thoughts. Mortier in the team ahead had fallen, probably from exhaustion. Bucky started forward. Again, the feeling of warning. But no, the man was unconscious. Bucky turned to reach for some snow and before he could think he found himself face forward in the snow, the other man on his back. With an ugly snarl Mortier cried, "So you thought to get me, eh? Mortier is smarter than you think." His hands already felt for Bucky's throat. But Bucky with savage strength threw him off. Now Mortier was on top and pounding furiously, then Bucky in his turn gained the upper hand.

Fiercely the fight continued with victory for neither in sight. But Mortier was the stronger. Slowly he was forcing Bucky, who was fighting bravely, to weaken. But "Never Give Up!" those words flashed through Bucky's mind. He gained new strength at the thought. But Mortier was once more upon him, his hands clutching his throat. The dogs barked furiously; the stars shone overhead.

Bucky was seeing red, his breath came in gasps. Then with a growl, Prince broke from his harness, and his mighty force was hurled on Mortier. Bucky

looked on with horror while man and beast struggled. At length Mortier lay still.

Then came a quiet stillness, the stillness that follows death. A hush fell over man and dogs. Bucky looked up and saw a star, shining brighter than the rest in the heavens. Then he knew,—knew that God was near, nearer than he had ever been to him before. Humbly he bowed his head to the great mystery of Bethlehem. Thus was Christmas Day ushered in, on the great white plains of the Athabasca.

Loretta E. Hebert, '24

A Christmas on the 26th.

Christine Seward gazed at herself before a long mirror in a bed-room which was to be hers for the next six months. It was a large but cozy looking room and even possessed a large fireplace in which some dry wood was now crackling.

Christine was a beautiful girl of eighteen years, one who had had all that money could buy, but who lacked the one thing her heart desired, a real home. It was all so plain to her as she stood before that mirror. She could remember everything. She had been twelve years old when her mother and father had separated and for the past six years she had spent six months of each year with her mother and six with her father. Those awful years! She covered her face with her hands as she thought of it. How much longer was it to go on? Forever? No! No! And she pressed her cheeks harder as she thought of it. It must not be. Not for her sake alone but for her father's and her mother's. She could see that they suffered. Oh if she could only do something!

She took her hands from her flushed cheeks and went to her bag for a handkerchief. Tonight was the twenty-fourth and tomorrow would be Christmas. It was the first Christmas that she had ever spent away from her mother and she felt a wee-bit of lonesomeness creep into her heart. However, her mother had said she must go to her father early this year. He was not well, so Mr. Lancaster, their faithful lawyer, had said, and if Chris could only go to him! So one week before she rightfully should have left, Chris bid her mother a merry Christmas in their little home in Dayton, Ohio and came east to Philadelphia to her father.

Tucking her handkerchief in the sash of her dinner dress, Chris opened the door and stepped into a long hall. Lightly she tripped down it until she came to the head of a wide stair-case. Here she paused. Directly at the bottom stood two men in deep conversation. One, a man of forty some odd years, slightly grey, just grey enough to make him very distinguished, as Chris had said, was her dear old dad. The other, a tall light complexioned young man of possibly twenty-two years. To be sure it was David Bronwell. Dear old Davie! Her life long friend, and neighbor when she was with her dad.

"Hello down there," she called as she began to descend the long stair-case.

"Chris!" cried David. "How glad I am to see you!"

"And I am glad to see you," said Chris, "but wait until I hug my dad." She ran to her father's side and in another moment was in his arms.

"Dear old dad," she said, "haven't you a kiss for me?"

"Of course my child," said her father as he held her closely and pressed his lips to her cheek. "How glad I am to see you and know that you are to be with me for Christmas. It more than pleases me to know that you wanted to come."

"Wanted to come! Of course I did. And now, dad, let me go so that I may shake hands with Davie."

"Of course, I should have known better! And you just stay for dinner with us, David. I'll tell Peter right away." Mr. Seward made his way to the dining-room.

"Thanks, I'll be delighted," called David as he took Chris' hand.

"My but it has been a long time since I've seen you! Six months lacking six days," said David.

"I know," replied Chris. "And my father, Davie, how has he been?"

"Pretty bad. He seems to brood over something every holiday time. But this year he's been worse. However, maybe your being here will change things. And I'm going to help to make you two happy. We are going to have a Christmas tree in the library and tonight you and I will trim the house. That is, if you'll consent to have me as your helper."

"Of course, David, but let me ask you one thing. Does my father ever speak of mother?"

"Never, Chris, but I believe he still loves her."

"I know! I know," cried Chris. "I feel that he does and I must bring them together. I must do it this very week! Tonight, if I can. Oh, David will you help me? You seem so much like a brother that I do not hesitate to ask you." Chris seemed all of a tremble and David put his hand on her arm to steady her.

"You bet I will," he said.

At that moment dinner was announced so Chris and David joined Mr. Seward in the dining room.

The next hour and a half was spent in the dining room and various subjects were discussed, but mostly by Chris and David. Mr. Seward listened but that was all. He spoke only when spoken to and he seemed to be trying to solve some great problem.

At eight-thirty Chris and her father retired to the library while David ran across the lawn to his home for some Christmas decorations. Mr. Seward seated himself comfortably in a big morris chair before a glowing fire-place.

"Now you two youngsters go ahead and trim up the place," he said. "I want to think."

Chris crossed to the window and stood looking out. She gave a short laugh. She was laughing partly at her dad and partly at David who was staggering across the lawn behind four or five large boxes.

"Youngsters? Why dad! We aren't youngsters. I'm all of eighteen and Davie must be twenty-one at least."

"To be sure, Chris, but I'm such an old man. You two seem so young."

"You're not old, dad. You just feel old because, because—because you have no one to love."

Chris felt very trembly and she saw her dad stiffen.

"I love you!" he said after a minute of silence.

"Yes, of course," ventured Chris, "but I am not with you constantly." She gripped the window sill for a brace.

"Daddy, you need mother." She could feel her heart beating like a band of drums. Oh! why had she said that so soon!

As she stood there David entered with his load of boxes.

"Here are a pile of decorations, Chris, so let's go to work."

The rest of the evening Chris and David spent in decorating. Mr. Seward had left them alone and gone to his room. However at eleven o'clock when David was bidding Chris a merry Christmas and a goodnight and declaring that he should be up earlier than she the next morning, Mr. Seward came slowly downstairs.

When Chris had closed the door on David and turned to go into the library her father was before her.

"I should like to talk with you," he said and he led her into the library.

"Surely, dad," said Chris, as she tucked her arm thru his and helped him along. After she had placed him in his big chair and seated herself on the footstool at his knees, instead of looking up she gazed into the embers of a once lovely fire.

"I know, father," she said, "what you want of me. You want to know about mother. You want to know if she is happy or if she has suffered as you have."

She saw him first stiffen and then grow limp.

"I may be a silly young girl," she said, "but mother was your first real love and she'll be your last. You need her dad and she needs you. I saw it in her eyes before I left. Can you picture her alone tomorrow with a broken heart? Twenty years ago you would have been enraged at such a thought and yet tonight you sit here as a stone image. You love her, dad, and I love her and we need her here. We need her here forever and this is where she should be."

Her father buried his face in his hands. "I do need her, Chris. I've needed her for the past five years and yet I've been too stubborn to give in. I need you forever and not for six months and we should all be together."

"I knew it! I knew it!" cried Chris, as she jumped up and hugged her father.

"We'll send for mother tonight and shall celebrate our Christmas together on the twenty-sixth instead of alone on the twenty-fifth."

"I'm afraid your mother would not come," said Seward as he put his arm around Chris.

"Oh yes she would, dad. Something tells me so."

The next morning when David greeted Chris, it was a new happy Chris. She had not slept a wink but still she was as fresh and pink as a rose.

"Oh David! I'm so happy!" And a tiny tear crept into her eye. "Mother is coming east for good and we are to be a family together."

"Are you sure, Chris," said David as they proceeded into the library.

"Positive," said Chris. "We sent a telegram last night demanding it and received an answer this morning saying she would be on her way east by noon to stay forever with dad and me. And dad is so happy! I'm so sure because this morning I heard him whistling and he has never whistled before that I know of."

"Gee, Chris, its great! Just to think you could bring two such people together forever."

"That proves, David, that love is stronger than hate, doesn't it? But now I have so much to do. You'd better go, but promise me you'll be over tonight to enjoy our happiness."

"You bet I will," said David, "and I only wish I could stay for the day."

"Well you can't, David, so Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas, Chris."

Helen M. Beattie '24

Honor Bound

Vivian was disappointed, very disappointed. It was just one week before Christmas. Soon she would be out of school for her Christmas vacation and then instead of staying at home with her jolly father and mother she must spend the vacation with her two maiden aunts, by name Jane and Emma. For five years she had promised them that sometime she would spend a vacation with them but she had put it off from year to year. This year she was in honor bound to go.

"But the worst of it is," she said to her mother, "they probably won't have anything for Christmas at all. No Christmas tree or trimmings and no ribbon candy or pop-corn. Oh yes, I know I'm old enough to go without these things now but I like them just the same and I like to have them for Christmas. And then look at all the good times I will miss. There are going to be two dances and then that sleighride we have been planning for months. Oh dear!"

"Now Vivian," replied her mother, "it's only one week of your life you are giving up to make your two aunts a little happier. And as for missing the good times, I think you go out altogether too much anyway. So run along and have a good time in the thought that you are doing right."

And so it was that Vivian found herself in the country, ten miles from town to spend her Christmas vacation.

"Merry Christmas," said her aunts in unison.

"Merry Christmas," replied Vivian, "how are you both?"

"Fine my dear, fine," said Aunt Emma.

"Not so well, dear," said Aunt Jane.

"You must be tired, Vivian, I'll show you up to your room," said Aunt Jane. "My, but we're glad to have you with us for a whole week."

"I'm glad to be here, Aunt Jane," lied Vivian. And then she went up to her room and went to bed for it was really very late. Next morning she arose very early and after peeping into her aunts' room to make sure they were both asleep she went out for a walk in the crisp morning air. Whatever would she

do with herself in this place for a whole week. She looked in almost every direction before she saw another house and then that was a good way off. She decided to walk to the woods before she returned to the house. When she reached the woods she seated herself on a rock and began to kick the snow. She soon uncovered a small patch of running pine. She looked at it in silence for a short time, then she had an idea. She would make a Christmas for her aunts. They were old and didn't get around to making wreaths or getting a Christmas tree. She would give them a good time and at the same time have a good time herself. She could send home for some trimmings, and she could get a tree, and put it up, in the living room and trim it up, and get presents for them, and put them on the tree. And oh she must find out if they had some pop-corn.

Vivian ran home in a good frame of mind and so jolly that her aunts wondered what had happened to her. She sent several fat letters in the morning mail which she carefully hid from her aunts. That evening while they were sitting around the fire she read them a story while they did their sewing.

During the next few days Vivian found time to investigate the pantry and she made several trips to the woods. She also found out that you can derive a lot of pleasure from giving pleasure to others. The day before Christmas she asked her aunts if she could have the living room all that day all to herself. They told her she could have the whole house if she wanted, it and that they would keep in the kitchen for, they mysteriously hinted they were going to be very busy there anyway. When the mail came, Vivian was the first one out and she managed to get all the packages into the living room before her aunts came out of the kitchen to inquire what had come. The savory odors from the kitchen tempted Vivian to peep but as her aunts had been so nice about staying away from her room she felt that she ought not to peek on them. Before night the living room was transformed. A large tree stood in the corner covered with tinsel and various other trimmings and crowned by a large silver star. Wreaths hung in the window, and over the door hung a small branch of mistletoe. The largest chair was just full of packages all done up in tissue paper and tied with Christmas ribbon. Vivian had not put them on the tree but she intended to later.

That evening was spent in the dining room, Vivian not daring to venture into the kitchen and her aunts not daring to enter the living room. Vivian told her aunts that everything would be open in the morning and they could go where they wished. Upon going to bed Vivian set her alarm clock a full hour ahead of her regular rising time so that she would be sure to be up before her aunts. She wanted to investigate that kitchen.

Christmas morning dawned clear and bright. Vivian was up almost before daybreak, for she wanted to pop some corn and make some candy before her aunts were up. She crept quietly down stairs and after making sure that the living room was ready she went into the kitchen. On the table was a huge bowl of popcorn, salted and buttered and a big dish of delicious home-made candy of a kind that Vivian had never been able to make.

"Oh, the dears," cried Vivian. And when she went into the pantry she found a whole row of pies and cakes, and a duck all ready to pop into the oven.

Compliments of
PITTSFIELD DENTISTS

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Vivian went back to bed quietly making sure to leave everything just as it had been. It was not until she heard her aunts moving about in their room that she arose again.

"Merry Christmas, Aunt Jane, Merry Christmas, Aunt Emma," she cried, "Come down stairs right away."

"Same to you, dear," replied her aunts and followed her down stairs. Vivian went into the living room and kissed each of her aunts as they came in the door. Vivian will never forget the look of pleasure and thankfulness on the faces of her aunts as their startled eyes took in the full beauty of that tree and the room. They stood very still for a long time then each of them came forward and kissed Vivian.

"And we thought you didn't like your old aunts," said Aunt Jane.

Vivian blushed and said, "Now my aunties I want you to take me into the kitchen and show me what you were doing all day yesterday."

When Vivian returned to her home, her mother said, "Well Vivian how did you enjoy giving your honor its due. You know you said you were honor bound to go."

"Honor bound," laughed Vivian, "why, I never had such a good time in my life."

Frances Rawson Com'l.

Stop! - Look! - Listen!

Don't Fail to See Christopher Junior

A play to be given by the
Senior A Class

On January Ninth In the High School Auditorium

Christmas in Poland

Christmas and Easter are the most important holidays of the year and each is full of religious significance. They are celebrated with much pomp, and great feasts which usually attend all the Polish holidays.

The approach of Christmas is always announced a few weeks beforehand by the frequent visits of the members of the brotherhood of monks, who bring small packages of wafers made of flour and water, blessed by the priest, and on which are stamped symbolic religious figures. These wafers are called "oplatki". No Polish family, at home or abroad, is without these oplatki, which play an important part in the Christmas Eve festivities. The Poles send these wafers in letters to all relatives and friends, as Christmas cards are sent in other countries.

The preparations for the Christmas Eve feast are made with much solemnity. Before the cloth is laid, the table is covered with a layer of hay or straw, and a sheaf of the straw stands in a corner. The hay is used for the prediction of the future. Every member of the family pulls out a piece of hay and according to the condition and kind of the straw, the future is foretold.

The menu of the feast is most elaborate, although not so much so as formerly. As the day is a fast day, fish forms the main feature of the bill which should consist of thirteen courses. First, there are soups of several kinds. Then comes the fish, often beginning with an enormous pike served in a variety of ways with fifty different kinds of sauce. Then comes tennch with cabbages and mushrooms. Then more fish served in the Lithuanian fashion. After the fish come conserved fruits and a great variety of cakes. As for drinks, the Polish people are more known for their drinks than eats and they certainly live up to their reputation. Almost every farmer in Poland has a cellar full of different kinds of wines, some of them very old and famous.

Christmas Eve belongs to the family exclusively. Rarely are there any guests present, but all the relatives gather from far and near at the home of the eldest member, sometimes traveling several days to reach their destination.

When the first star appears, the entire family, beginning with the eldest member, breaks the wafer, each with the other, at the same time exchanging best wishes. The master and mistress then go to the servant's quarters to divide the wafer there. The servants have the rest of the evening to themselves, and they spend it singing characteristic Christmas carols, known as "Kolendy". Sometimes the peasants will come to gather the hay and straw from under the cloth and distribute it among the cattle, as there is a popular belief that this straw possesses a charm against evil. It is also used to tie up fruit trees, which are then supposed to yield plentifully the following season. Returning from "Pasterka" the midnight mass, it is another custom to ask the first passerby his or her name, which is supposed to be the name of the questioner's future husband or wife.

On Christmas morning, early, the peasants dress up to represent Herod and other Biblical characters, as well as many different birds and animals. They go from house to house, the leaders carrying an immense glittering star, to represent the Star of Bethlehem. They sing Christmas carols beneath the windows of every hut and manor house, receiving either money or a portion of the Christ-

mas feast. This custom is known as Gwiazda, the star. It is observed in the country only, being considered too old-fashioned for the modern city.

The children wait for the observance of the custom with breathless impatience. This is the Jaselki, the observance of which lasts during the whole week, between Christmas and New Year. It is really a traveling series of scenes from the life of Christ, and also from the lives of many modern peasants. These Jaselki are somewhat on the model of a Punch and Judy show. During the performance all the folk songs are sung. The making of presents on Christmas is not so general in Poland. Gifts are reserved for "name" days.

Roma R. Duker '24

Merry Christmas

To most every one on earth,
Makes no difference what your birth,
Doesn't matter what you're worth—
"Merry Christmas!"

To the goals I've lost or won,
And the work I've just begun,
To the clouds, as well as sun—
"Merry Christmas!"

It is just the Christmas feeling,
The gay parcels I am sealing,
That just make me keep on "squealing"—
"Merry Christmas!"

But just let me whisper this—
When in all your Christmas bliss
The great cause—don't dare to miss, for
"Merry Christmas!"

Anna Burwell '24

Stars

Little, blue-white diamonds,
Sparkling up so high,
From your case, the darkness,
In the window of the sky,
You are God's best jewels,
Priceless treasures rare,
Grouped around the opal moon,
To make a setting fair.

Roland Ende, '24

Christmas

The nearby silent sky looks down
Upon a world that holds its breath,
A world that dares not break the hush
That grasps the whole great universe.
The silent snows stretch everywhere,
Made sparkling by the white full moon
And multitudes of dazzling stars.
The tall and gaunt old pines all stand,
So black and motionless and still.
And lonely houses, looking on,
Are watching, waiting through the night;
While even the unruly wind
Must feel at last this mood of awe,
And cease its merry play until
This holiest of nights has passed.

H. Trudel Pierce '24

A Snowstorm

A mist of swirling whiteness first we see,
Then ever more distinct the soft flakes grow,
As swiftly from their cloudbound homes they go,
A part of our great world below to be.

Look now! winged earthward faster, heaven sent,
With frenzied joy they enter their new state,
Their brothers follow after, more sedate,
And power wanes, their force is nearly spent.

Now, stretching o'er the earth, on tree-tops high,
On lofty spires, on roofs, on trodden ways,
A fleecy robe of purest whiteness lies.
The whole great earth it covers, far and near,
Yet from another realm its pureness takes
For it is part of Heaven, dropped down here.

Dorothy Cain '24

Fame

When Lady Spring so gaily decks the land,
When trees and meadows are all robed in green,
Then am I wont to sit apart and dream
Of things to come and things quite near at hand.

Far in the distant future, beckons Fame,
And holding high his torch to light my way,
He clearly calls and counsels no delay
If in his halls I fain would write my name.

But deeds, not dreams, are what the world demands,
By fancies fair, I cannot reach the light,
By labor only can I scale that height
Toward which I now but vainly stretch my hands.

Courage and zeal, I to the task must bring
To reach the lofty peak where Fame is king.

Ruth Simmons '24

Chivalry

Oh, knights of olden days in armor bright,
Whose famous deeds are known to old and young
Your valiant exploits are through ages sung!
It was your chivalry, its strength and might
That taught man how to do the thing that's right;
To serve his country, home, and friends in need;
To crush all obstacles. And every deed
Was like a torch—to lead from sin, to light.

Today our knights wear not the gleaming mail,
And yet their deeds are sung on land and sea,
Their lot it is to serve humanity.
Oh, hail to thee, ye glorious heroes, hail!
And you who live in this great land and free,
To be a man, you must have chivalry.

Rose Simpkin '24

At Dusk

How pleasant the touch of the soft morning breeze!
How cheering the sun of the noonday so bright!
But the part of the day which to me is most dear,
Is that calm, peaceful time 'twixt the day and the night
Called dusk.

For 'tis then, as I gaze through the darkness yet dim,
All my hopes, all my dream castles fair, I can see,
With their hidden delights and their wondrous joy.
Every shadow, it seems, holds a fond thought for me—
At dusk.

Dorothy Cain '24

A Mother's Love

It is a wondrous thing—a mother's love,
A thing almost too wonderful to be,
A gift to each of us from God above,
A symbol of His love for you and me.

In babyhood how soon the pain will cease,
When Mother soothes the bump with her sweet kisses,
And tiny hands their sleepy grasp release,
As Mother weaves a tale of elfin misses.

And when we've older grown and met with care,
And life has cast on us our share of pain,
How easy all our troubles we can bear,
With Mother for our help and guide again.

For God who lives and reigns in heaven above,
Will come to us on earth in mother's love.

Elizabeth White '24

Evening

It is a beauteous evening, calm and still,
The hermit thrush sings his sweet note so shy,
The sinking sun from the far distant hill
With glorious color paints the western sky.

With twilight sounds the air begins to fill,
At first the cheerful cricket; by and by
The nightingale down by the ancient mill
Sends forth his sweet and soothing lullaby.

In such an hour the mind is filled with peace;
And so 'twill be when from this earth we part,
And when that glorious land beyond we reach,
We'll have the calm of evening in our heart.
The close of life is like the setting sun,
A sign that day is past and labor done.

James McSweeney '24

Leviathan

O! greatest prince of mighty Neptune's Court
That moves with majesty upon the deep,
And wakes the sea-nymphs from their gentle sleep
To herald thy coming to the eager port;

As fair a ship as ever sailed the main,
The mightiest of ancient days must bow
In meek humility before thy prow,
Whose very magnitude proclaims thy fame.

But know, despite thy kingly worth so bright,
Charybdis still has a destructive power
To change thy beauty to a gruesome sight,
And crush thy might in but a single hour.

How many vessels of thy kingly mold,
Have long since slept within the ocean's folds.

James Conroy '24

If I had Chopin's gift of music,
Milton's ease in making rhymes,
Cleopatra's art in vamping,
Some of Rockefeller's dimes;
If I could paint the scenes like Rembrandt,
And debate in Congress too;
Also have a wondrous knowledge
Which could be surpassed by few;
If old Virgil I could master,
And could talk in every tongue,
Then I ask you, all you people,
Now would not my praise be sung?

Pauline Wagner '24

NOBLE-MILNE CO., Inc.

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**How to Study**

How to Study, a book by Richard Sandwick, helps and directs the studies of those who have now no definite manner of acquiring knowledge.

The author takes up, in a logical manner, the necessary rules to follow in study. First, one must know that the work is worth doing, and be confident in his ability to learn it. Then he can go ahead in the time assigned for study by recalling and visualizing the facts as a whole.

This book tells clearly and interestingly the value of planned study. The reading is brightened by examples that are easily understood.

In addition to these general rules, definite examples of what one should study are given. The advantages acquired, both in the manner of studying these lessons, and in remembering and putting to use the subject matter, are pointed out.

It closes by telling of the need of efficiency, a quality obtained only by work, and the need of initiative to raise one above the ranks.

Loretta E. Hebert '24

A Woman Named Smith

An aristocratic old mansion in South Carolina is bequeathed to a Yankee woman named Smith. What could be more unusual? And if, in addition to this, the house is inhabited by a Presence (spelled with a capital letter), the most thrilling kind of a story may be expected to follow, and it does.

Sophy Smith (the Yankee woman) and her chum, Alicia Gaines, come to Hyndsville, South Carolina, to take possession of the house left to Sophy by her grand-aunt. They are soon informed by a terrified old negro servant that the house is haunted, that he himself, while passing "in de dark ob de moon" heard the piano playing without the aid of human hands. This strange tale, however, does not frighten the girls, in fact, it awakens their interest. Many other incidents which arouse curiosity, to say the least, occur after the girls are comfortably established. Queer sounds are heard in the attic, strains of music seem to come

from no where at all. At times a faint, sweet odor pervades the halls and rooms. Sophy and Alicia are told the story of the stolen jewels which are said to be at the bottom of all the mystery.

If you like mystery stories which are exciting without being blood-curdling, read "A Woman Named Smith" by Marie Conway Oemler. It will surely come up to your highest expectations.

R. Simmons '24

The Covered Wagon

In this story, written by Emerson Hough, an excellent picture is given of the migration westward in the two or three years preceding the California Gold rush.

The long, weary march begins when, at the call of a bugle, the line of covered wagons leaves Westport Landing. In the first section is Molly Wingate, daughter of the leader. Upon meeting her, Will Banion of the second section is attracted to her. Due to the jealousy of Sam Woodhull, the man whom she is to marry, Molly receives a very unfavorable impression of Will Banion. Other difficulties and misunderstandings also come between the two.

Meanwhile we are shown the great danger in which all were placed who attempted to cross the extensive plains which terminate at the Platte River. Indians attack them, food fails, and prairie fires threaten, but most all persevere. We do, however, see a few, tired out and discouraged, turn back again to their homes.

At last the pioneers reach a crude sign with one side pointing to California, the other to Oregon. A brief, bitter struggle takes place and the Wingate group divides. Part, overcome with the greed caused by love of gold, goes to California; the other, steadier and with more foresight, goes to Oregon. In the dead of winter this group reaches the end of its travels. In the spring, Will Banion, exonerated, comes back to Molly.

This book besides telling a very interesting story shows us more than we have perhaps realized of the hardships which the pioneers underwent and the debt of gratitude which we owe them for the well developed communities of the far west.

Lois Young '25

Automotive Associates, Inc.

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What We Think of You

The Shucis—Your stories and poems are fine. Your jokes are compactly arranged and very entertaining. Coöperation of the students is shown throughout every department. The idea for the Exchange department was clever indeed.

The Hyde Park Weekly—One of the best weeklies that we receive is your paper.

The Roman—You have some clever authors and a fine staff. Let's hear more stories like, "Unto His Own" and "Fair Play". Your exchange list seems well developed and we are glad to acknowledge such a fine paper.

The Imp—Wouldn't your paper be more interesting with more literature and some humor in the form of jokes. We cannot find evidence in the Athletic Department to prove your reason for choosing Miss Fisher's plan in the Imp contest. We hope it comes. (The change we mean).

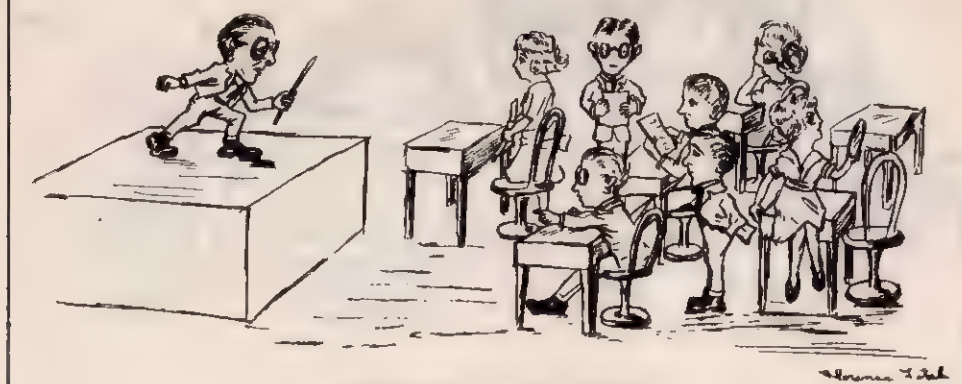
The Willistonian—We are glad to see that you have made the Exchange list a part of your paper.

Central Recorder—We are sure that you have room for an Exchange department. Why not use it? You must have some writers in Central so show that you have.

Among the weekly papers that we receive are:

- The Central Outlook—St. Joseph, Missouri
- The Sheaf—Saskatchewan, Canada
- The Williams Record—Williamstown, Mass.
- The Messenger Proof Sheet—Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.
- The Vermont Cynic—Burlington, Vt.
- Pebbles—Marshalltown, Iowa
- Creighton Prep.—Omaha, Nebraska

STUDENT ACTIVITIES



'Ten Shun People

On the 9th day of January in '24,
Come to the High School and let's hear you roar.
The Senior A Class is presenting to you,
"Christopher Jr." and I'll tell you too
You'll be sorry, indeed, if you don't see this play
'Cause I know if you come you will sit there and say,
"Oh isn't it funny?" and "Isn't it good?"
"Why I wouldn't have missed this to see Robin Hood!"
And then you will pick up your programs so fast,
And eagerly start to read over the cast.

Christopher Jedbury Jr.	Albert Williams
Christopher Jedbury Sr.	James Conroy
Tom Bellaby	Dwight Root
Major Hedway	James McSweeney
Mr. Simpson	William Silvernail
Mr. Glibb	Edward Rogers
Job	Edgar Roth
Whimper	Frank Olstead
Mrs. Glibb	Helen Beattie
Mrs. Jedbury	Loretta Hebert
Nellie	Elizabeth White
Dora	Pauline Wagner

And last but not least there comes into line
Miss Pfeiffer as coach—now isn't that fine!
So now let us see you both short and the tall
Come that day and night and fill up the hall.

P. W. '24

Assembly

It might have been said that the assembly on November 27 was rather cold if it were not for the fact that everyone was so wildly enthusiastic about the proposition that the Junior Chamber of Commerce offered.

Mr. Fred Lacy convinced us that it was absolutely necessary for us to back up this proposition and put Pittsfield on the map.

Mr. Alberti, after calling on the Shades of Mr. Goodwin, "Bill" Hayes and "Charlie" Knight, and quoting Cicero by "O Tempora, O Mores!" stated to us the proposition. It was to join the winter sports club. By doing this you are entitled to have the advantages of the numerous skating rinks, the toboggan slides and to have access to any carnivals or entertainments celebrated during the following winter season. For a person sixteen or above the fee is \$1.00 and for those under this age it is 50c.

On Friday, November 16, Pittsfield High School celebrated for the first time an 8 period day. This happy idea was suggested for two reasons: first, so that the clubs could meet and secondly, that we might have an assembly.

All the football team sat on the stage and they surely looked as though they were determined to win the game with St. Joseph's which was to take place the following Saturday.

Mr. Strout, Mr. Ford, Miss Kalaher, Miss Flynn, Coach Carmody and Captain Gregory all gave us fine talks, making us feel that we would miss a great treat if we failed to go to the game.

We were glad to see Miss Kalaher respond to Miss Day's challenge and we hope she will speak to us again.

Now that the basketball season will soon start we hope to hear these speakers again, and others also.

Pittsfield High School was honored by a visit from Captain Frank Armitage on Thursday the 22nd of November. Captain Armitage served four years during the war in the Canadian Reserve Corps and was personally decorated by King George. He is also a fine authority on the Dutch Canals.

The assembly opened with all the students singing "Pittsfield High School". Then there was delivered to us, one of the most inspiring talks that we have ever heard. I'm sure Captain Armitage made us all feel how important it is for us to "build two bridges" and I think we would all like to assure him that we will at least endeavor to do it. He said that in order to do this we must go to college. Poverty is no reason why we should stay home. Many people have worked their way through college by means of their hobbies. Then Captain Armitage told us many fascinating and interesting stories of his friends in college; how they had secured an education through their hobbies. He himself had worked his way through Clark University by entertaining. (We can easily understand why he was successful in this).

Captain Armitage said that two of the best things a person gets for himself when he works his way through college are Self-Reliance and Self-Respect.

To sum up all of his talk in a few words it is this: His generation of men went

to war to clean up the world. As many of the "war men" are dead, it is up to this generation, us, to do twice the work we would ordinarily do. In order to do this in the right way we must go to college. We shouldn't give "poverty" as a reason for staying home but we should go, and work our way through if we haven't the money. The best way of earning this money is through our hobbies.

We can't begin to say how much we appreciated and enjoyed Captain Armitage.

December 3, 1923. Wasn't it fun to go to the "movies" during school time? Yes, Mr. E. I. Terry was very kind, indeed, to show us such interesting pictures of forestry. It was so nice to know how they make boxes and it was almost as exciting as when the hero arrives on the scene in a detective "movie" when the man discovered the forest fire. We surely hope to see some more moving pictures soon.

C. M. T. C. Report

At the last C. M. T. C. meeting in Room 17A, it was decided to discontinue as an organization in the high school. This is the result of the beginning of a new movement, called the Cadet Corps, which is to meet weekly in the Armory under Captain Mann. The Corps' purposes are to promote interest in all C. M. T. C. affairs and engage in military training. Uniforms will be provided and membership will not only be open to all C. M. T. C. students, but also to anyone else interested in military tactics.

G. Levenson '24

The Public Speaking Club

There is a Public Speaking Club conducted by Miss Pfeiffer in Room 10, period A, every Friday. Up to this time you have probably not heard much about us, but from now on you'll hear and read of us everywhere because we are starting a campaign for new members.

Don't give, "I can't speak", as an excuse for not joining. The club was organized so that its members might learn how to do that very thing. Above all, don't say, "I haven't got time". It is like giving a clerk a whole handful of change and walking out of the store because you do not want to take time to count it, if you give that as an excuse.

The benefit that the pupils are getting from this club is very great. This club gives the finest of assets, self-confidence. Also if you want to be a great speaker or if you want to have a regular good time and a lot of laughs to end each school week, join the Beginner's Public Speaking Club.

Don't forget Room 10. Friday!

Doris Carruthers '26

The Pen Staff wishes to acknowledge the articles on Pittsfield's School Buildings written by Rollin Stevenson '26 and printed in the October and November issues.

Senior A's

The Senior A Class assembled in the lecture room Nov. 10 to hear the reports on the play. Miss Beebe reported that the committee had selected two plays each of four acts. After Miss Beebe had given a brief outline of the play, a vote was taken. The majority were in favor of "Christopher Jedbury Junior".

Sec. James A. Conroy '24

Alumni

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Dorothy F. Johnson of Bridgeport, Conn., formerly of this city to Samuel Cutting of Milford, Conn., which took place November ninth in New Haven, Conn. Mrs. Cutting was a graduate of Pittsfield High School, class of 1914.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Alice Langlois, P. H. S. 1917 and Frederick Thorpe of Cleveland, Ohio.

"Danny" Martin, coach for St. Joseph's high school football and basketball teams, is a graduate of P. H. S. in the class of 1918.

Charles Alberti, who spoke to us on November twenty-seventh concerning Winter Sports, graduated from P. H. S. in 1915.

Marguerite Bligh, P. H. S. '17 has been transferred to the faculty of the Pomeroy School.

Frank H. Burke P. H. S. ex-'08 has been appointed vice-principal of the new Weaver High School in Hartford, Conn., which is practically completed at a cost of \$1,500,000. Mr. Burke graduated from Georgetown University in 1912. From 1913 to 1920 he was instructor at Pittsfield High School.

Edith Reilley '24 has entered the Boylan Memorial Training School for Nurses.

Helen Fleming '15 is teaching on the University Extension Course at the State House, Boston.

"Cap" Foley '23 is attending Notre Dame College, South Bend, Indiana.

John Farrell '19, who is taking the business administration course at Boston University, will graduate in June.

John Hopper '21 is a cadet at West Point.

Robert Kenyon '21 former editor-in-chief of the Student's Pen, is working for the Mountain Electric Co.

Beatrice Rowan '21 is attending North Adams Normal School.

Dorothy French '22 is an honor student of the class of 1926 at Smith College.

John P. Leahy '22 former Alumni Editor on the Student's Pen is at St. Michael's College, in Vermont.

We have heard that Ella Buckler '22 and Elladora K. Huthsteiner are studying at the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

Ermine Huntress '22 is attending Mt. Holyoke.

Dorothy French '22 is at Smith College.

Charlotte Wilson '21 is taking a course at the Sargent School of Physical Education.

Elizabeth Cooke '21, North Adams Normal '23, is teaching at Pelham, Massachusetts.

Frances Farrell '24

ATHLETICS

Pittsfield High's Football Season of 1923

With the trip to Newburyport ended the football season of 1923, a season that will long be remembered in the annals of Dear old Pittsfield High,—A season in which the County and City Championships were won as the result of the untiring efforts of our Coach and the brilliant playing of your team which Pittsfield High has supported so well.

Many of our first string players will graduate in either February or June, but remember that players may come and players may go but Pittsfield High will go on forever.

Pittsfield 6—St. Joseph's 0

Saturday November 17 Pittsfield High won the County and City Championships by defeating St. Joseph's High 6 to 0 at Wahconah Park. St. Joseph's was more badly defeated than the score shows though the Parochial school boys fought all the way and gave all they had. Pittsfield High showed that it had the "stuff" when it held its opponents for downs when only a few yards meant a first down and probably a score.

Pittsfield kicked out of bounds twice so the ball was put in play on St. Joseph's 40-yard line. St. Joseph's was unable to gain more than four yards on half as many downs so they punted to Dannybuski on his 25-yard line. Pittsfield carried the ball to the 45-yard line where it punted to St. Joseph's 35-yard marker and the punt was returned immediately to the Pittsfield 18-yard line. From the 21-yard line P. H. S. punted to mid-field. St. Joseph's carried the ball within the 6-yard mark but lacked the punch to carry it over. After several plays P. H. S. punted to the Parochial 40-yard chalk mark. The first period ended with the ball in our opponents' possession only 28 yards from our goal.

After four unsuccessful attempts to make first down St. Joseph's yielded the ball to Pittsfield on its own 22-yard line. At this point P. H. S. showed why they are champions. With Bastow and Dannybuski doing most of the carrying the team rushed the ball 78 yards for the only score of the game, Dave taking it across. For the rest of the period the ball was hovering around mid-field.

After the kick-off opening the second half there was an exchange of punts, after which several passes were tried with more or less success. The third period ended with St. Joseph's ball on Pittsfield's nine yard line.

The Parochial boys were again forced to give the ball to the Champions this time only seven yards from the goal. After receiving Pittsfield's punt St. Joseph's

as a last resort opened up a forward passing game but with no success. P. H. S. then started another drive down the field but only time prevented another score. The game ended with our ball on our 40-yard line.

The line-up:

Pittsfield High

Flynn, l.e.

Learned, l.t.

Doyle, Malloy, l.g.

Gregory (Capt.), c.

Shaw, McDonald, r.g.

Controy, r.t.

Correy, r.e.

Dannybuski, q.b.

Combs, Abrams, Heister, l.b.b.

Abrams, Garrity, r.h.b.

Bastow, f.b.

St. Joseph's High

Wise, r.e.

Gavin, Volin, r.t.

Connell, r.g.

Ryan, c.

Stanton, l.g.

Shay, l.t.

Viale, Mackie, l.e.

W. St. James, q.b.

Bridges, r.h.b.

Coakley, l.h.b.

Boyd, f.b.

Score—Pittsfield 6, St. Joseph's 0.

Touchdown—Dannybuski

Referee—Jack Dunn, Adams

Umpire—Harold Goewey, Pittsfield

Linesman—Dowd, Great Barrington.

Time—4 15 minute periods

Newburyport 20—Pittsfield 0

Pittsfield High was defeated at Newburyport by a score of 20 to 0 but the score does not tell the story of the game however. In all lines of play Pittsfield outplayed their opponents especially on end runs and forward passes but lacked the breaks to score. And it almost seemed at times as though Pittsfield was playing a team of 12 men instead of 11 due to questionable umpiring as shown by the fact that a statement was made that Pittsfield missed a touchdown by 1-2 inch.

But the individual players were as clean and straight a bunch of players as could be desired. Their stars in the backfield were Weir, Arnold, Kelly who tore off considerable yardage. The punting of Silloway was remarkable but could not quite reach the distance of Learned's punts.

Pittsfield's line played a hard gritty game and Captain Gregory as usual set a high standard for his men. The backfield running due to the muddy condition was carried out well by Joe Garrity on the end runs and also by Coombs who was not in his usual form due to his broken thumb. Bastow kept up his standard of gaining ground and gave the opposing line something to think about more than once. And last of all the remarkable headwork and forward passing of Dannybuski whose passes were successfully completed by the ends, Flynn and Doyle. The tackles and guards played a hard game also. Doyle once stopped a man who was running strong for a touchdown.

The Game—Captain Nock won the toss and chose the favorable goal to

the south and Kelly got off a fine kick to Coombs on the 25 yard line. Off-sides spoiled a splendid end run and Pittsfield was later forced to punt. Newburyport then scored their first touchdown but failed to kick the goal. Newburyport then kicked off to Bastow but Pittsfield lost the ball on the next play as the coast boys refused a penalty on a blocked punt. Newburyport punted on the first play as they often did throughout the game. A fumble then gave the ball to the opponents and the second touchdown was scored by Arnold and the drop-kick after touchdown was completed. End of first quarter. Several uncompleted passes were made during the second quarter by Newburyport and the ball ended in middle field at the end of the first half.

The second half opened up with a beautiful end run of 45 yards by Garrity and it looked as though Pittsfield was really off but it ended a half inch from the goal. During the last quarter another touchdown was scored by Kelly but the try for point was missed. The game ended by a try for a field goal by Kelly but it failed. And thus ended the Football season for both teams for the year 1923.

Score—Newburyport 20, Pittsfield 0

Touchdowns—Arnold, Weir, Kelly

Points after touchdown—Kelly (2)

Referee—Norton of Boston

Umpire—Valpone

Head-linesman—Martinson

Timer—Edelstein

Time—four 13 min. periods

Attendance—4500

The line-up:

Newburyport

Erickson, r.e.

Kezer, r.t.

Bartlett, r.t.

Sullivan, r.g.

Knight, r.g.

Nock (Capt.), c.

Grover, l.g.

Silloway, l.t.

Johnson, l.e.

Arnold, q.b.

Trumbull, Murray, l.h.b.

Kelly, r.h.b.

Weir, f.b.

Pittsfield High

Flynn, l.e.

Learned l.t.

McDonnell, l.g.

Maloy, l.g.

Potter, l.g.

Gregory (Capt.) c.

Shaw, Hollister, r.g.

Doyle, r.t.

Coffey, r.e.

Dannybuski, q.b.

Garrity, r.h.b.

Combs, Heister, Whalen, l.h.b.

Bastow, f.b.

H. W. '24

Pauline (at P. H. S. and St. Joseph football game): "Hold him Heck! I know you can."



Trip to Newburyport

The trip to Newburyport was made by 20 players including the Coach and Manager. The party left Pittsfield Wednesday morning and journeyed down by way of the Mohawk Trail, Greenfield, Turners Falls, Orange, Athol, Gardner, Fitchburg, where the team had dinner and then they continued on to Lowell where the party enjoyed supper.

Unpremeditated auto trouble necessitated a delay which deprived the team of the planned short practice to be held in Lowell.

The team then continued their way to Newburyport arriving there about ten o'clock. Here, the fellows were paired off for lodging in different private residences of Newburyport. It was the verdict of every member of the party that they all were treated exceptionally well.

Dinner was enjoyed at the Garrison Inn of Newburyport by the members of the team, as guests of the Newburyport team.

The party then left for Boston arriving there about 6 o'clock. The Team went to the DuPont Restaurant where they had the Turkey dinner which all members of the team had missed, being away from home. At the end of the dinner, being the last time that the 1923 football team would be gathered together, speeches, regarding the success and games of the season were made by Coach Carmody, 'Cap' Gregory, Manager Wollison, 'Mike' Flynn, 'Heck' Learned, 'Binker' Britt, Frank Bastow (and it was his birthday by the way), 'Tom' Doyle, 'Dan' Coffey, Warren Shaw, 'Midget' Maloy, and 'Norm' Hollister. The coach was praised for his untiring efforts to make the team a successful one.

Following the dinner a few attended the theatre, others went to Cambridge and gave Harvard the once over and others roamed around and looked Boston over.

The party met at 11 o'clock and started for home, frequent stops being made for 'coffee and sinkers'. More engine trouble was experienced just outside of Russell which delayed the arrival in Pittsfield until about 9.30 a. m. It was a tired but happy crew that reached home as each and every member of the squad pronounced it to be the slickest trip that they had had the privilege of taking.

A report reached Pittsfield that Frank Bastow was injured in the game but it was not true. However, 'Tommy' Doyle received a bad cut under the eye necessitating two stitches which caused considerable discomfort on the home-trip. 'Cap' Gregory received a bruised eye also from the game.

A Modern Shakespeare

The quantity of homework has not changed.
It cometh like a storm—from the teachers
Upon the student body. It is twice cursed—
It curseth him that gives, by him who takes.
'Tis hard homework, harder than 'tis worth.
It cometh from the teachers and fadeth away in zeros.

"Larry"



Ye Poll Parrot

I Love Me

She: What a pity it is that handsome men are always conceited.

Joe Campion: Not always, little girl; I'm not.—(*Bughouse Fable*).

Mrs. Bennett: Now the Pilgrims moved out of Holland for what reason, Steinway?

Don: To keep from getting in Dutch.

"Who was Nero, Bill?" asked one boy of another. "Wasn't he the chap who was always cold?"

"No," said his wise friend. "That was Zero—another guy altogether."

"If I stay on this street," asked Miss Day of a policeman, "will it take me to the railroad station?"

"Yes, mum, it will," answered the kind-hearted cop; "but not unless you keep-movin' a bit, Mum."

"Anything I can do for you?" asked a surgeon as he passed the bed of a smiling but badly wounded soldier.

"Yes, doctor; perhaps you can tell me something I'd very much like to know", answered "Sammie."

"Fire ahead," replied the doctor. "What is it?"

"Well, doctor, when one doctor doctors another doctor, does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor like the doctor wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor like the doctor doing the doctoring wants to doctor him?"

An officer was showing an old lady over the battleship.

"This," said he, pointing to an inscribed plate on the deck, "is where our gallant captain fell."

"No wonder," replied the lady; "I nearly slipped at the same place myself."

Bob Volk: What became of your little kitten?

V. May: Why haven't you heard?

B. V.: No. Was it drowned?

V. M.: No.

B. V.: Lost?

V. M.: No.

B. V.: Poisoned?

V. M.: No.

B. V.: Then what became of it?

V. M.: It has grown up into a cat.

Louise W.: What's worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?

Emily B.: Easy; a centipede with chilblains.

Inquisitive one: Say, what does your mother feed you on?

Molloy: A table.

Here's to the faculty,

Long may they live—

Darn near as long,

As the home-work they give.

(If they do they'll make Methuselah look like a two-year old.)

Norm Hollister: I'd like a new pair of shoes, Dad.

Mr. Hollister: Are your shoes worn out?

Norm: Worn out? Why dad, the bottom of my shoes are so thin I can step on a dime and tell whether it is heads or tails.

Mr. Lucy: If a farmer sold 1470 bushels of wheat at \$3.17 a bushel, what would he buy?

T. Nelson: An automobile.

Miss Clifford: Is there any connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdom?

C. Jordon: Yes ma'am. Hash.

Mr. Russell: I want a quarter's worth of carbolic acid.

Clerk: This is a hardware store; but we have-er-a fine line of ropes, revolvers and razors.

Freshmen: Dad, what is your birthstone?

Father: I'm not sure, but I think it is a grindstone.

Red Weltmen: I'm pitcher on one of the league teams now.

Coach Carmody: That so?

Red: Yes I carry the water.

Ruth Simmons: Hear the story of the two holes in the ground?

Caroline Musgrove: No.

Ruth Simmons: Well, Well.

Caroline Musgrove: But I heard the story of the two men.

Ruth Simmons: What is it?

Caroline Musgrove: He, He.

Sam: Rastus, is pants a common noun?

Rastus: Pants am an uncommon noun.

Sam: How come uncommon noun?

Rastus: Pants is singular at de top and plural at de bottom.

Clarence G.: Do you know why rats get in here?

Cliff R.: Naw.

Clarence G.: Uh-huh.

Judge: Guilty or not guilty?

Rastus: Not guilty, suh.

Judge: Have you ever been in jail?

Rastus: No suh, I never stole nuthin before.

Jack: I slept on a billiard table last night.

Herb: Wasn't it a trifle uncomfortable?

Jack: Oh no, I used the cushions.

E. Hubbel: Does the moon affect the tide?

M. May: No, only the untied.

Blank Verse

John asked Clara

To take

A walk with him

And pick flowers

But Clara's brother

Came along

And so

They picked flowers.

What a funny bird the Senior are!

He ain't got no A's—hardly

He ain't got no B's—hardly either

When he talk he drawl—almost

When he walk he strut—almost

He get his diploma on what he ain't got—almost.

"Larry"

On the Face of It

Jim McSweeney: What did you say when you were found coming out of the pantry with your hands all red?

D. Root: Oh, I said I had jammed my finger.

Wonder If He Sat on Friday?

Mr. Ford: Now that you have read the story of Robinson Crusoe, Willie, tell me what kind of man, do you think he was?

Willie: He was an acrobat.

Mr. Ford: What makes you think so Willie?

Willie: Because it is said that after his day's work, he sat down on his chest.

Janitor: Can't you see that "no smoking" sign?

Jim Conroy: Well I'm not smoking.

Janitor: But you have a pipe in your mouth.

Jim: Sure and I've shoes on me feet but I'm not walking.

G. Kelly: I don't know where we can put up this lecturer for the night.

W. Silvernail: Don't worry—he always bring his own bunk.

Mr. Larkin: How was the line AC drawn?

Ted Combs (dreamily): With a ruler.

Mr. Brierly: What would you expect to do if you had to work as steady as a clock?

N. Bridges: I'd strike sir.

Miss Morris: What is a veterinary surgeon?

Ev. Stewart: A doctor for old soldiers.

Mr. Strout: Some of these freshmen are doing rare work.

Miss Flynn: Rare?

Mr. Strout: Yes, not well done.

Great Chemical Mystery

Recently the valence of aluminum has jumped to Al_{11} . But, according to the prophecies of the eminent psychologists of the present period, it will drop to below par shortly before Christmas.

We have heard recently of a poet who wrote about the "Window in his soul" and we wonder if he is any relation to the guy who had a pain (pane) in his stomach.

L. W. Acheson

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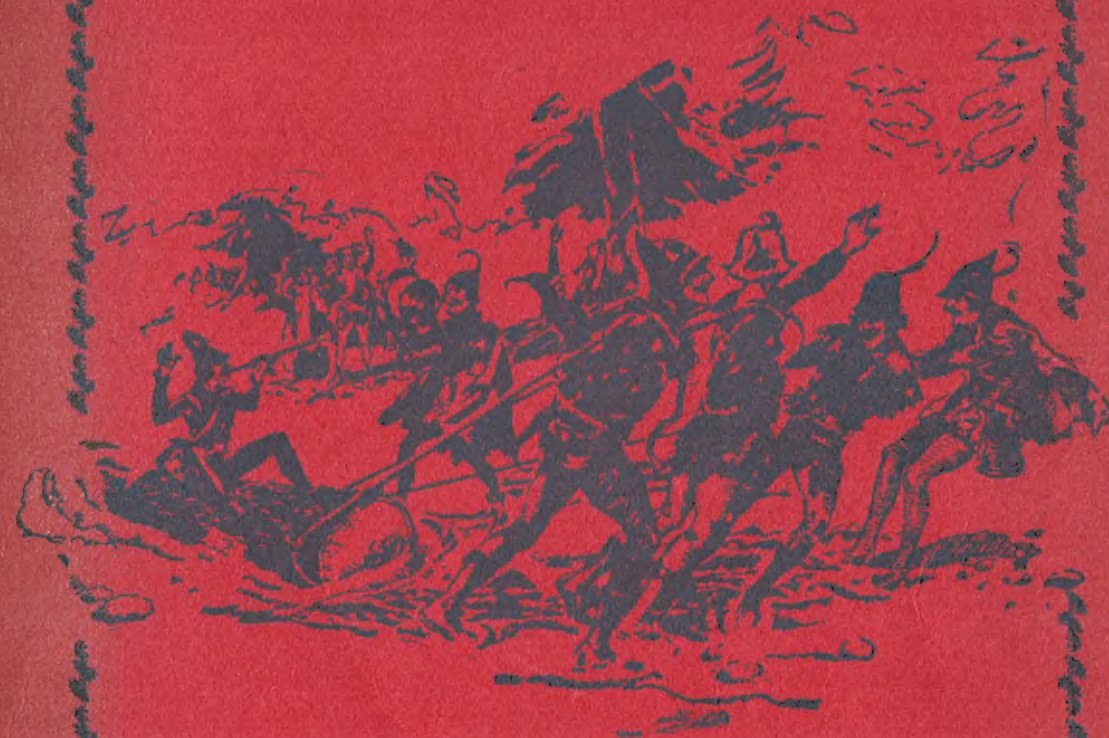
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